



# THE WAR CRY

EASTER NUMBER

NO 3048 TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 24

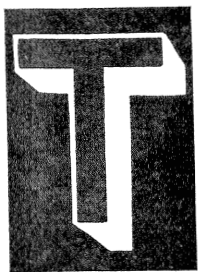


# LILY FRAGRANCE



[Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts]

CONSIDER the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to day is, and to morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? . . . But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Matthew 6:28. 29. 30. 33.



# THE RADIANT CHRIST OF EASTERTIDE

WE NEED HIS CHALLENGING PRESENCE IN OUR MIDST TO-DAY

BY NELLIE L. McCLUNG

Noted Canadian Author and Columnist

**E**ASTER will be different for many of us this year.

Outwardly it will be the same, with blossoms—daffodils and tulips, pussy-willows and anemones; new dresses, new suits and shoes, and family gatherings. And there will be lovely music and sweet voices singing:

*"Christ the Lord is risen to-day,  
Hallelujah;  
Sons of men and angels say,  
Hallelujah."*

**B**UT beyond this vision of beauty and through the sweet sounds of adoration there will be other voices, thin and distant, but insistent like the sound of waves, and we may not be able to hear the words of the choir for listening to them, and because of them our hearts will be troubled and heavy. There will be cries of hunger, cries of frustration and of rebellion and doubt. Has God forsaken us? they are asking. Has He for-

place of worship to-morrow? Can we justify God, or rather can we justify ourselves? There are those who would say quickly without stopping to take breath, that the church has done nothing. But this is not the time, nor are we in the mood to argue. The need of the world is too great for that. Let us think rather of the frozen assets of the church universal and pray with all our hearts that the power that was released on that first Easter Day may thaw them now into life as the sun's warmth has cracked the ice on the lake and river.

**O**N that great day—the first Easter—a plan was revealed which has in it the redemption of the whole world, with peace and plenty for all. A working plan, too, not just a blueprint; a compelling, powerful, triumphant way of life. The world was pretty dark and grim the day before Easter, in fact it corresponded very closely with the world to-day. That little group in Jerusalem were sore at heart, their Master was dead — He it was, they mourned, who we

*Why Did Not the Good News Sweep the Country in a Great Rising Tide? The Answer Can Only Be That the Conditions of Discipleship, Although Very Clear, Are Not Easy, and People Are Fond of Ease*

gotten that He ever made the world? or is this world just one cold and cruel mechanism given over to force and treachery and intrigue?

What answer have we for these? What reply can we give to the voices—we who will be at a

hoped would redeem Israel, but now He is dead so He couldn't have been God's Son after all. He was mistaken, our beloved Leader. We thought He was all powerful, but they were able to kill Him. Do you remember how

wonderfully He talked to us, and now He's dead, and there is no hope left, no hope. This was on Saturday, black Saturday, following the Crucifixion.

Then came Sunday morning, with every cloud rolled away and a bright sun pouring down from a gloriously blue sky. And there He was, talking to them and walking with them—more radiant, more beautiful than ever. For forty glorious days they had their Friend and Teach-

**The Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem**

*"Fear not, daughter of Zion, thy King cometh"*



"Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world"

er explaining to them the whole plan of life. He told them He must leave them, but He was going to send them a new Spirit who would guide them into all truth.

No one need ever labor and sweat and argue to prove that the Resurrection was real. What happened to the disciples is all the proof that anyone can need. They saw something that Sunday morning which changed them. From selfish, self-assertive, doubting men, jockeying for position, weak in performance and cold in heart, they became great flaming evangelists with inspired words on their tongue, and afraid of nothing. They entered into and possessed the Kingdom of God in all its beauty and power, all its dangers and suffering. They signed on, that day, knowing all and fearing nothing!

**N**OW, that great vision, is the good news which came to men on the first Easter.

Volumes have been written about it; it has furnished the inspiration of the greatest music; we all think about it, and most of us believe it. Many have seen how it works, but to the world at large, this great plan of life, this remedy, this solution of all life's difficulties, is one of the frozen assets of the human family.

Why, you ask, would anyone leave it who once experienced its thrill, its satisfactions. Why did it not sweep the country in a great rising tide? And the answer can only be that the conditions of discipleship, although they are very clear, are not easy, and people are fond of ease.

**I**N these 1900 years Christian people could have saved the world for peace and brought prosperity and happiness to everyone, for the idea is dynamic if given a chance. Dynamic and contagious.

We have to admit we have lost many chances. Some say they are all gone, but no one can set the bounds of God's mercy. Voltaire once said that in a hundred years there would be no Bible in existence. Now, in that very spot, where the prediction was made, there is a Bible House and the Bible is still the best selling book in the world.

**E**ASTER SUNDAY has sweet memories for all of us. There is something about the spring-time which lifts our hearts. The steaming fields, the song of the birds, the awakened earth, the thought of seeding and planting, the many evidences of life's continuity. It is a tender and happy time with family gatherings and long tables set for pleasant meals in this land of plenty.

Let us this Easter, pledge ourselves that all our spiritual impulses will be given right direction. The supreme test of all religion is its effect on human life. So let us look again at the peace and beauty around us here in Canada and ask ourselves, in deep humility:

*"Who has given me this sweet,  
And given my brother dust to eat?"*





## "My God, and Our God"

(See Frontispiece)



UT Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping: and as she wept, she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre.

And seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

And they say unto her, "Woman, why weepest thou?"

She saith unto them, "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

Jesus saith unto her, "Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" She, supposing Him to be the gardener, saith unto Him, "Sir, if thou hast borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away."

Jesus saith unto her, "Mary." She turned herself, and said unto Him, "Rabboni"; which is to say "Master." Jesus said unto her, "Touch Me not; for I am not yet ascended to My Father: but go to My brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto My Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God."

John 20:11-17.



VAIN WAS THEIR SEARCH.—The disciples arrive at the empty tomb

LET US

## LOOK UP!



"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"—Luke 24:5.

THE agony of the Garden of Gethsemane; the betrayal; the mock trials; the scourgings; the shame; the desertion by friends; the crucifixion—followed by those hours of darkness at noon—were all over, and then the unoccupied grave of one Joseph of Arimathea was requisitioned for the burial of Jesus of Nazareth.

The women from Galilee, who had come with Jesus to Jerusalem, viewed the sepulchre and the manner in which the body was laid; later, they returned. In accordance with the Commandments, they rested on the Sabbath Day, and early next morning, accompanied by

thronged His chariot wheels,  
And bore Him to His Throne;  
Then tuned their golden harps and sang,  
"The glorious work is done."

I WONDER can we possibly even attempt to understand the desolation which must have swept over the hearts of the followers of Jesus, when they saw Him crucified and then buried? We in our day

are greatly privileged for we have two thousand years of Christian history to strengthen our faith, while those early followers did not have two days. After long experience we know now that the grave was not even an interruption to

## » The Territorial Commander, Commissioner B. Orames «

some friends, came to the sepulchre with prepared spices. They entered the grave, "found not the body of Jesus," were greatly alarmed, and were told by two men in shining garments that Jesus was not there but had risen. And then were they asked the great question, "WHY SEEK YE THE LIVING AMONG THE DEAD?" and were further informed, "HE IS NOT HERE, BUT IS RISEN."

TO-DAY I conducted the funeral service of one of Canada's best-known and best-loved warrior Officers. Surrounding the casket were many beautiful flowers which "only bloom to die." Expressions of great regret and appreciation were spoken by comrade Officers who had intimately known the departed. Later, standing in the burial ground, I thought of headstones in the many cemeteries I have visited in various parts of the world containing inscriptions such as "Here lies the body of . . ." No such record appears over the grave of Jesus. Instead of "here lies," we read "HE IS NOT HERE, BUT IS RISEN."

SOME years ago when visiting Palestine we were shown the tomb of Rachael near Jerusalem and that of Dorcas near Jaffa. It was claimed that these places marked spots where the actual remains were buried, and while all were interested in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the reputed site of the grave which temporarily housed the body of Jesus, we were much more deeply interested in Mount Olivet nearby, where our Lord ascended on High, and where in the words of the poet:

"Angels came and

the progress of His work, but was the road to His triumph and glory.

How easy it is for mortals to forget that "the loved and lost" are not really dead. We are so influenced by the thought of the still hands, silent voice and quiet heart, the casket, the funeral, the open grave, that we forget the sublime truth that the loved one who has left us has only passed through the portal of death into a richer and fuller and eternal life. Christ has

abolished death and he that believeth in Him shall never die.

Do we think too much about the grave and not enough about the glory that shall be revealed; which "eye hath not

seen nor ear heard"? If so, let us stand in the light of Christ's life, and Christ's death, and Christ's rising, and look up above the shadow of Death, and above the sin and separation from God. Let us look up to "the unsetting light of the Eternal life on the throne of the universe and see bathed in it the living dead in Christ!"

Paul, addressing the infant church at Colosse, wrote, "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above," and enjoined upon all not to look for Christ in the material, selfish, passing earthly things, but to contemplate things true and honest and just and pure and lovely and of good report, and in seeking such find the Centre of all these good gifts—even the Risen Christ.



Commissioner  
B. Orames



Mrs. Orames

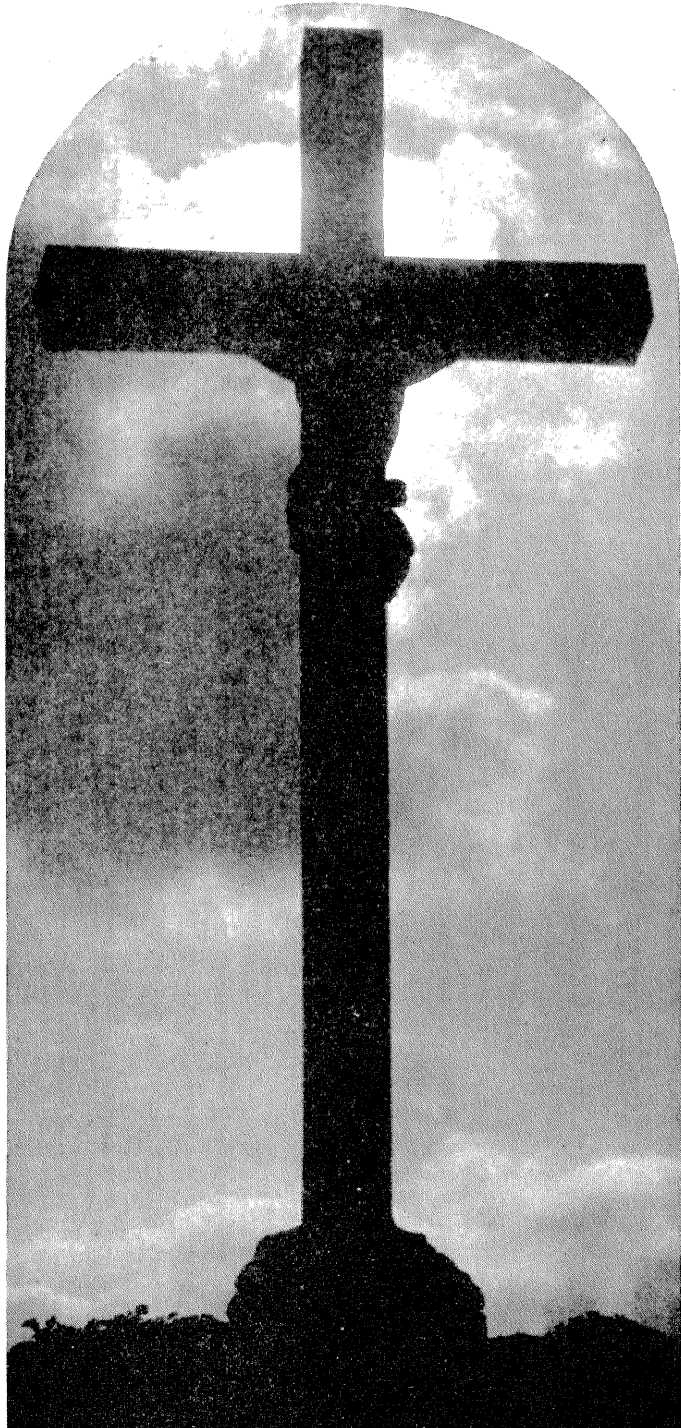
# Come with me to Calvary!

"Mine is a Deeply Personal Debt of Gratitude to Him"

States One of The Army's Most Noted Trophies of Grace



HENRY F. MILANS



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redeemed, purified and washed in His precious Blood.

I dare not let the pomp and splendor of the popular Easter program in celebration of the Resurrection blind me to that far greater glory of His sacrificial death — for mine is a deeply personal debt of gratitude to Him. It was for my Salvation that He died.

I want to be with Jesus again today on the road to Emmaus, and share in the glad surprise of His revealing as we four sup together. Then to run — we three — O so joyously, back to Peter's house and burst in with our news, only to hear the glad shout from the other disciples: "The Lord is risen, indeed; He has appeared to Simon and others!"

Then, while we are all beside ourselves with joy, praise God, Jesus,

anniversary program. Jesus lifted me out of the darkness and hopelessness of my awful sinning, to live in Him and shout this testimony to other hopeless souls:

*Jesus died for ME;  
He died for YOU!*

What concerns my own soul most at the moment of this blessed anniversary is not that Jesus died for the sins of the whole world, but that He died for me! Calvary was a purely personal matter between Jesus and me.

I cannot tell the world the meaning of Calvary if I do not feel today His cruel wounds and His untold anguish. If you and I are crucified with Him, we shall be with Him at the tomb this Easter morning, when He appears to Mary

## WE SHALL SEE HIM AGAIN

*ALL is still: clouds, virgin  
white,  
Veil the moon once so bright:  
Night, with sorrow strangely  
still,  
Drapes with shadows Cal-  
vary's hill;  
For, on a Cross, Jesus died.*

*Crucified! Jesus no more  
On the sea, or the shore,  
Walks abroad to bless and save  
Men from sin or whelming  
wave;  
For, in a garden, He lies.*

(May be sung to the tune, "Silent Night")

*Oh, how still earth has be-  
come,  
While He sleeps in His tomb!  
Nightingales, as still as death,  
Check their rich, melodious  
breath:  
For, in a garden, He sleeps.*

*Let Him sleep: rest He has  
won:  
All His work now is done:  
Yet, three days, then we shall  
see  
Him, again, in Galilee,  
Walking beside the sea.*  
Thomas Tiplady.

my Saviour, comes among us and shows us again His hands and the spear-thrust in His side, and says: "I had to do this so that your sins might be remitted; so that you can tell others of God's pardon for repentance."

Oh, this must all be real to me; not just a great formal man-planned,

Jesus who had suffered death upon the Cross who stood before them. The marks were the evidence of His love, for He had suffered for them; and the evidence of His power, for He had come back to them.

The world around us is still doubtful about the reality of Christian experience. If we who are seeking to follow Jesus would remove those doubts and awake in men saving faith, we too must be able to show the "marks"—the marks of sacrifice. One of the early-day Army songs asked:

*How much can you suffer for Jesus?*

*In His service how much can you lose?*

*At His feet will you still kneel adoring,*

*And the Cross which He gave you refuse?*

These questions are still pertinent. The sacrifice of years gone by is no substitute for present-day giving. The world does not ask, "What did you sacrifice?" but "What are you sacrificing?" The marks need to be newly made, if they are to have the power to convince.

Magdalene and those whom He loves so dearly.

Come, then, with me to Calvary and share in Christ's death. I want to hear Him forgive the thief—for that is just the way He forgave me. Hurry with me to the tomb. I want to be there to see Him rise. I want to be with the disciples when He asks for meat; eat some of the fish He cooked beside Galilee. And be on the road at Bethany to see Him ascend again to the Father—for these most amazing events in all history were enacted for me!

Nothing to me is so impossible as that He should be dead!

"And there they crucified Him."

**T**HUS ends the historical account of the death of Jesus of Nazareth.

But let me add to this true record the more significant and personal one:

*"In perfect love*

*Christ died for ME!"*

Calvary and its tragedy will be-

come just another of the religious commonplaces unless I draw near enough to watch Jesus hanging there, to feel the spikes ripping through His hands and His feet, to shudder at the pain of the gaping hole in His side and to hear His cry of mental anguish because of His aloneness!

Unless I thus suffer and die with Him, I shall not rise with Him—

## S - A - C - R - I - F - I - C - E

A Hall-mark of Christian Experience

**S**ACRIFICE is one of the hall-marks of true Christian experience. Jesus Christ came into this world to give His life a ransom for many. He came to bear the sin of others. He yielded Himself to the death of the Cross.

In His teaching He said, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

Jesus Christ was willing to die. He was a willing sacrifice. But His willingness was not accepted in place of the offering itself, as in the case of Abraham when he offered

his son. Then the will was taken for the deed, and the lad was spared. The sacrifice of Jesus Christ meant suffering death by crucifixion. It meant holding hands and feet to the wood of the Cross while large iron nails were driven through sensitive flesh to bind them there.

The full price of sacrifice was paid, and when Jesus rose triumphant from the grave, the marks of sacrifice remained with Him.

It was the marks of sacrifice, the nail prints in His hands, that He offered to the doubting disciples to convince them that it was the same

"His life for His sheep"  
John 10:11.



# JOCK DONALDSON'S DELIVERANCE

"Lo, a new creation dawning,  
Lo, I rise to life Divine;  
In my heart an Easter morning  
I am Christ's and He is mine!"

IT was not Easter—it was November. It was not morning—it was night. Yet, somehow it was Easter morning in Jock's heart. There wasn't a doubt about the new creation, the sudden rising to life Divine—Jock Donaldson knew he had passed from death unto life.

The Sunday night meeting had closed early. The unceasing patter of the rain on the metal roof had



On a Wild Night Like This  
... Not a Soul in Sight!  
... But The Army Officers  
Found a Venue of Service Which Led to the  
Reclamation of a Soul



almost unnerved the Corps Officer. For days it had been falling, and the lethargy of the congregation seemed to reflect the monotony of it all. Try as he might, the atmosphere had remained unchanged.

"Will you go for a walk?" he challenged his wife, turning from a streaming window in their Quarters.

A challenge it was—stiff breeze and rain in torrents, but arrayed in slickers and rainhats they braved the deserted main street. Somewhere to the left the Pacific Ocean lay dank and dark. Back of the town, they knew fog would be creeping steadily along the evergreen-clad mountains.

"How foolish we are—out on a night like this! Not a soul in sight—but who would be, except of necessity! But the fresh air will do us good—and we can't complain of dust here!"

## "We Need You"

Even as they spoke a figure hurried toward them.

"Oh—is that you, Captain? Can you come back with me? I was just on my way to The Army Quarters to find you—we need you."

The Captain's wife recognized the man. He was the owner of a gambling house.

"It's like this, Captain," he ex-

plained. "The boys have been playing cards all day. To-night we had a few drinks and tried to start a sing-song, but one of the fellows, seeing it was Sunday and we hadn't been to church all day, suggested that we ought to have you come and sing with us. The boys all want you. You will come, too, Missus, won't you?"

## A Saddening Scene

Wondering just what lay ahead, The Army Officers followed the man whom they knew only as Charley. Through a little store he led them and on into the inner room. What a sight met their eyes. A dozen or more men, all under the influence of hard liquor—bottles on the table, some on the floor, overturned, with the precious (?) contents dripping away.

Charley briefly introduced the visitors. "Here they are, boys. Cap and his Missus were on their way when I met 'em!"

The men brightened and set themselves for an Army sing. Each man chose his favorite. "When the Trumpet of the Lord"—"Shall we Gather"—"Safe in the Arms of Jesus"—"Rock of Ages"—"Nearer, my God to Thee." They sang as only intoxicated men will sometimes sing, with a gusto and fervor that would put many professing Christians to shame.

As the hour passed a strange spirit of reverence fell on the little group. "Shall we pray together, boys?" The Captain poured out his soul to the great Understander of all hearts. "Our Father which art in Heaven"—the men joined in perfect unison.

Charley was the first to speak. "Now boys, it was pretty nice of the Captain and his wife to come here

by

Mrs. Major Rea

and sing with us fellows. I want to move a vote of thanks."

Events followed swiftly. One after the other, their tongues loosened suddenly, each had a turn at making a speech—recollections of Mons—Ypres—a dugout in France—a Christian mother! It would make interesting reading to recount all the stories told there that night.

The last man got to his feet, ready to speak. Throughout the whole of the unusual service he had been very quiet and thoughtful. "That's Jock Donaldson," Charley whispered. "Worth listening to. He has quite a story . . .!"

Jock's cultured Scots voice trembled. "Mrs. B—, Captain, boys—I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, for it is the power of God unto Salvation—and I am ter-



As the hour passed a strange reverence fell on the strangely-assorted group

ribly ashamed of myself! I shouldn't be here—I know better . . ."

"He does, too," agreed Charley in a whisper. "He doesn't really belong to us . . ."

Brokenly, stumbly, Jock gave us his story. Five years before he had come to the great North West, a lawyer, an ardent church worker, a Sunday school superintendent. With him were his beautiful wife and three little girls. Shortly after their arrival his wife died, and during the gray days of sorrow and bewilderment someone had offered him "the easy way to forget."

The old story which needs no retelling—a man slips down the ladder of life much more easily and quickly than he can climb up, and so Jock had proved. In that gambling den Jock realized just how far he had fallen from the place he had once known.

The Spirit of God descended upon that little group, and in a few minutes men were on their knees watching the Captain point Jock to the One who never despises the broken and contrite heart, wherever He may find it.

The following Sunday morning Jock appeared at the Salvation Army Hall, made his way to the Penitent-Form to acknowledge publicly his sin, then with deep happiness testified to Divine forgiveness.

\* \* \*

Where is Jock now? Did he prove to Charley and his gang that Jesus is able to save—and to keep?

He did just that. He wasn't given long, just a few months, but long enough to put wrong things right—

long enough to put on record his testimony that "the Lion of Judah can break every chain!"

At Eastertide Jock went Home. At Easter—but Easter for Jock had

## Core of the Trouble

CONSIDER the fact that the centre of sin is the word "I" and you have the core of this world's troubles. Sin is at the back of wickedness, and self is at the back of sin. No man can lay sin at another's door. He is entirely responsible for his own wrong-doing, for "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

In His mercy, however, God has provided a remedy for sin, and mankind may obtain this blessed cleansing through faith in the all-atoning Blood of His Son. Have you accepted this proffered grace?

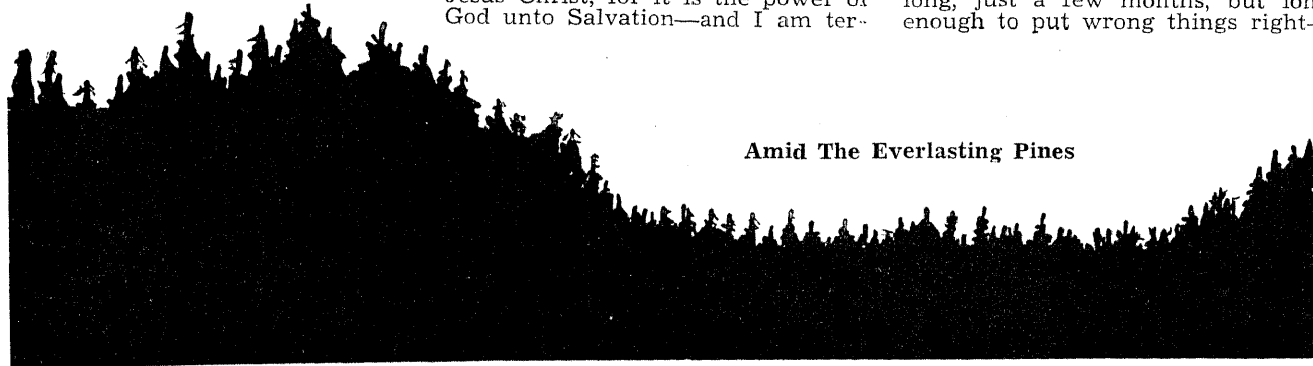
begun that rainy November night when his lips dared confess "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ—but I am terribly ashamed of myself!"

## TWICE HE SLIPPED

But Love and Patience Enabled Him  
To Regain His Feet

IF it be doubted that Christ can save the habitual drunkard, let the case of one such person be considered:

There passed to his sure Reward last year a Canadian citizen of high repute, at the advanced age of eighty-five. Fifty of his earlier years had been spent almost entirely as a drink-addict, until he was soundly converted in a Salvation Army meeting. Twice he slipped and went back to his former drunken habits, but prayer and patience with the aid of the Holy Spirit won the battle, and for at least the last twenty years of his life he never was known to taste strong drink.



Amid The Everlasting Pines

# Gain by An Eastertide M

comfort and security. Determined to enter into true fellowship with the Lord Jesus in His quest for the souls of men, "They went forth, not knowing whither they went."

Neither the delicate health of Mrs. Booth, nor the human uncertainty of being able to provide for the maintenance of themselves and their children deterred them. Here, in actual fact, we have an example of readiness for sacrifice, of dying to self-interest.

Had the Booths chosen the way of security and self-preservation, it is likely that the world would have known little more of them than is known of the average minister of the Gospel who was their contemporary. Yes! the promise of the "much fruit" from the grains that die has been abundantly realized in the case of the Founders of The Salvation Army.

FROM the observation of more than half a century, I have no hesitation in declaring that, within my knowledge, no truth has ever operated more convincingly than that which is contained in these challenging words of Jesus.

Once I visited the sick-bed of a retired comrade who had suffered a mild form of paralysis. He was a man of unusual industry and devotion. As I spoke with him and tried to cheer him with the prospect of early recovery, I was moved by an unexpected revelation from him concerning himself.

"Since I have been laid aside," he said, "I have had time for reflection. I have lived a full life. I have enjoyed the opportunities The Army has given me, and I think I can say that I have succeeded in whatever I have had to do. But I have had to acknowledge to myself that my life has not had in it much of the sacrificial spirit—the real spirit of my Lord. My success has been largely on the human plane and self-gratifying."

Here the voice of my comrade broke. Recovering himself, he went on: "As I have pondered these things I have lifted my heart to God earnestly and sincerely and have asked Him to be merciful. I have told Him I want to enter more fully into the simplicity of His love and sacrifice." For a little while my comrade was raised up. During those years there was a radiance about his countenance I had not known before. Everything about him spoke of Christ-likeness—of the new spirit which had taken possession of him.



GENERAL

## THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS THEIR TEMPORARY LOSS WAS HUMANITY'S GAIN.

[Painting by Gustave Doré  
"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church"]

I AM writing this article in Rio de Janeiro, the imposing capital of Brazil.

Not often have I praised God for wakeful hours in the night, but I am doing so right now. In view of an early morning departure by plane going north to the United States, we retired immediately after supper. But sleep for me was beyond the coaxing.

For weeks Mrs. Carpenter and I have been engaged in a series of gatherings in the United States and Canada, and later, in parts of the West Indies, Brazil, and Argentine. In the midst of our travels came a request for my Easter War Cry article. But articles just then were out of the question, so the request was put aside until a more convenient moment.

Decidedly inconvenient have been these past few hours during which I have wished for the refreshment of sleep. However, the good Spirit has brought uplifting meditation upon the incident of the desire of the Greeks to see Jesus, as related by the Apostle John in the twelfth chapter of his Gospel. I rejoice not only because of the blessing this portion of God's Word has brought to my heart, but also for the blessing it may bring to readers of The War Cry.

DOUBTLESS, the Greeks were desirous of seeing Jesus because of the miracle He had performed in the raising of Lazarus. Their interest would be further excited by the acclaim of the shouting multitude. They must see this unusual Man! In all probability they were moved, as are most people, by the manifestation of power and popularity.

How strange, in these circumstances, would sound our Lord's reply to the Greeks' inquiry! But He knew how prone mankind is to put emphasis on the outward, forgetful that the inward and the unseen are of far greater worth.

In these days it is particularly important that Christian men and women should be gripped by this truth. To those who think superficially, the power of the Christian Church is found in its possessions, its numbers, and its public approval. All of these have their value, but that value is only relative.

Jesus wanted His disciples to know that what was to happen to Him had a vastly greater significance for them and for the world than did even His power to raise the dead. His glory was not primarily in what they had witnessed of His miracle-working power. He was to be glorified by sacrifice—sacrifice that would appear to them to be only shame and loss.

There, with the shadow of the Cross upon Him—the Cross upon which He would be reviled and forsaken and spat upon, where in the extremity of His humiliation He would cry out as if God had forsaken Him—He said, "The hour is come, that the Son of Man shall be glorified."

The wonder of the principle of *gain by loss*—of life through death—has been profoundly realized all through human experience.

CHRIST'S simple illustration of the grain of wheat falling into the ground and dying was something the least learned could grasp. Many examples come to my mind as I contemplate the working of this principle in the lives of everyday men and women of many lands.

Salvationists cannot be reminded too frequently of the way in which this spirit was exemplified in the experience of our Founders. Many people of our generation see William and Catherine Booth only in the light of the fame that now surrounds their names, giving little thought to the amount of sacrifice and self-giving that was involved in their consecration to Christ and to the poor and neglected.

Comfortably placed in a pastoral charge, with a large congregation of warm-hearted people who highly esteemed them, William and Catherine Booth enjoyed much in their ministry that could be regarded as success. There was, however, within their hearts a Divine dissatisfaction which led them to sacrifice their earthly

## WITH CHRIST IN THE CORNFIELD

The Disciples learn an unforgettable lesson



"Except  
wheat fall  
ground and  
abideth al  
it die, it  
forth much

# Gain by Loss

## An Eastertide Meditation

comfort and security. Determined to enter into true fellowship with the Lord Jesus in His quest for the souls of men, "They went forth, not knowing whither they went."

Neither the delicate health of Mrs. Booth, nor the human uncertainty of being able to provide for the maintenance of themselves and their children deterred them. Here, in actual fact, we have an example of readiness for sacrifice, of dying to self-interest.

Had the Booths chosen the way of security and self-preservation, it is likely that the world would have known little more of them than is known of the average minister of the Gospel who was their contemporary. Yes! the promise of the "much fruit" from the grains that die has been abundantly realized in the case of the Founders of The Salvation Army.

FROM the observation of more than half a century, I have no hesitation in declaring that, within my knowledge, no truth has ever operated more convincingly than that which is contained in these challenging words of Jesus.

Once I visited the sick-bed of a retired comrade who had suffered a mild form of paralysis. He was a man of unusual industry and devotion. As I spoke with him and tried to cheer him with the prospect of early recovery, I was moved by an unexpected revelation from him concerning himself.

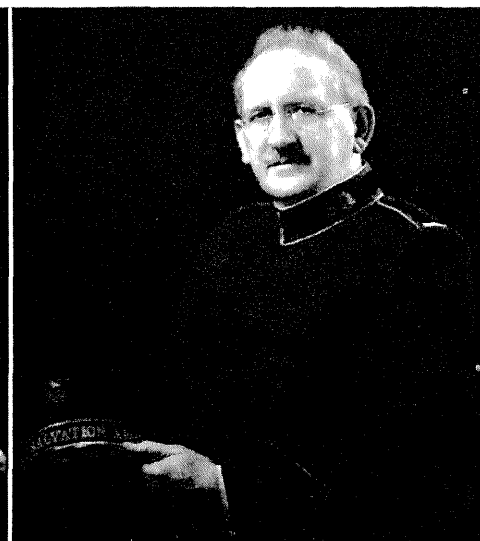
"Since I have been laid aside," he said, "I have had time for reflection. I have lived a full life. I have enjoyed the opportunities The Army has given me, and I think I can say that I have succeeded in whatever I have had to do. But I have had to acknowledge to myself that my life has not had in it much of the sacrificial spirit—the real spirit of my Lord. My success has been largely on the human plane and self-gratifying."

Here the voice of my comrade broke. Recovering himself, he went on: "As I have pondered these things I have lifted my heart to God earnestly and sincerely and have asked Him to be merciful. I have told Him I want to enter more fully into the simplicity of His love and sacrifice." For a little while my comrade was raised up. During those years there was a radiance about his countenance I had not known before. Everything about him spoke of Christ-likeness—of the new spirit which had taken possession of him.

By  
The  
General

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit"

John 12:24.

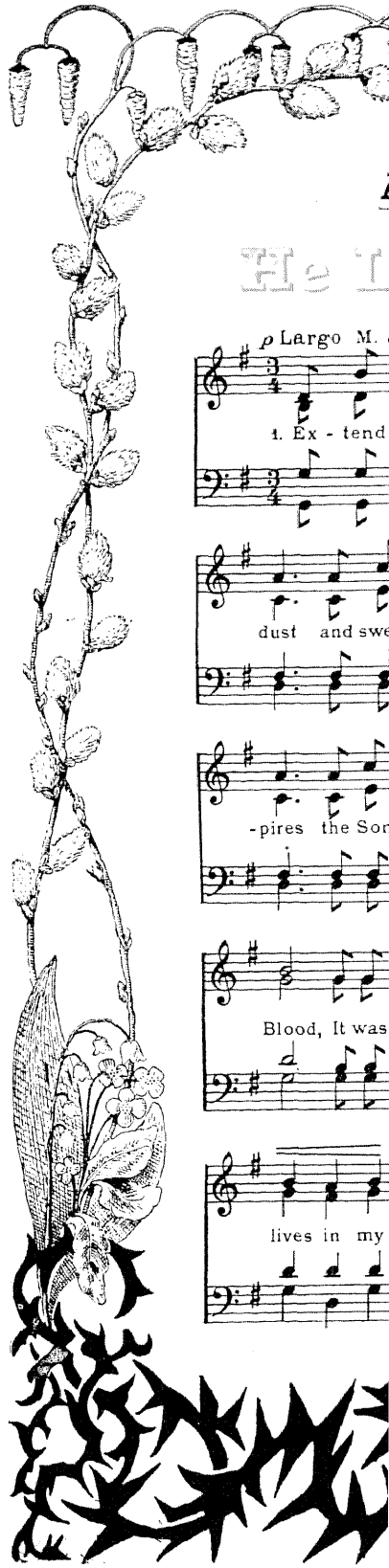


[Photos by Kaiden Kazanjian, New York]  
GENERAL AND MRS. G. L. CARPENTER

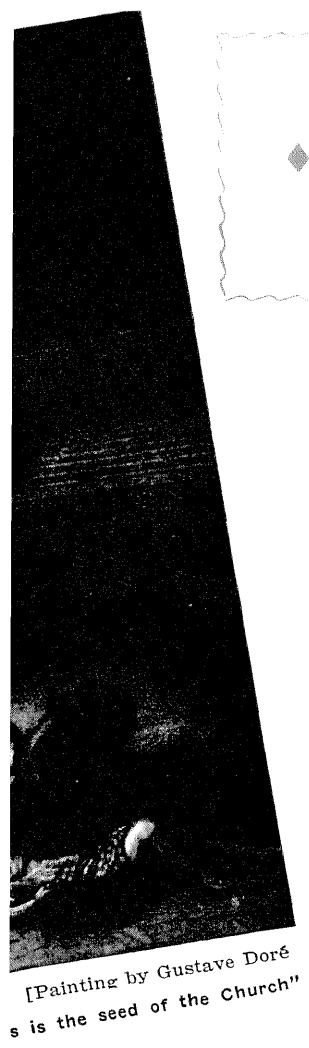
OTHER illustrations of the principle behind these precious words of Jesus come crowding to my mind. Some concern the realm of science; for example, there is the story of Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium. Here, surely, is a moving example of dying to live—to give life! Health and beauty, comfort and social life were as nothing to this great woman in her devotion to the call of science.

She might, like millions about her, have sought earthly riches in order to minister to self-interest. But no! neglectful even of food and suitable rest, she went on and on in her research, literally falling in exhaustion beside the crucible at which she toiled. At last her eyes were gladdened by the sight of the precious element she sought so steadfastly and with such self-forgetfulness. Then, having discovered this marvel of modern science, Madame Curie refused to receive from it the colossal financial gain it made possible.

"No," she replied to those who urged her to protect her rights, "radium is not mine, it belongs to humanity." It is because of Madame Curie's willingness literally to give herself that the peoples of almost



File 1  
p Largo M. 6  
1. Ex - tend  
dust and swe  
-pires the Son  
Blood, it was  
lives in my



[Painting by Gustave Doré  
s is the seed of the Church"]

adow of the Cross upon which He would be re-spat upon, where in the iation He would cry out Him—He said, "The hour f Man shall be glorified." rinciple of gain by loss— i—has been profoundly man experience.

ustration of the grain of ie ground and dying was urned could grasp. Many ind as I contemplate the le in the lives of every- many lands.

be reminded too fre- which this spirit was ex- rience of our Founders. neration see William and in the light of the fame eir names, giving little of sacrifice and self-giv- in their consecration to and neglected. in a pastoral charge, with of warm-hearted people hem, William and Cath-



all nations enjoy the inestimable boon which radium has conferred upon mankind.

Frequently I have been saddened to observe good people failing when the test, in respect to this principle, has concerned their children. They have been willing to endure much sacrifice themselves but unwilling for their children to face privation. They have gone to endless trouble and sacrifice to enable their children to "get on" in the world, with often scarcely a thought as to what "getting on" might mean in the all-important realm of the soul.

In all parts of the world I have seen the harvest of such mistaken ideas—a harvest of broken-hearted parents when, too late, they have tried to bind their children to the altar of sacrifice.

Oh, how subtle is the enemy of our spirits! Frequently he turns the natural propensity of love for family into a means of sorrow and destruction.

LET it not be thought that I do not value the good things of life or appreciate the fine callings open to youth. What I am concerned about is the necessity of choosing for our children with the injunction of our Lord ever in mind: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness."

Here I am reminded of a noble example of this spirit. A Salvationist mother—a Soldier of our acquaintance—was blessed with a son who possessed charm of manner and brilliance of mind. Though the mother was of humble cir-

cumstances, she had re-do and very worldly many so-called advant desired to provide for that the mother felt m prayers for him.

She had dedicated and an Officer. Again arranged their godless vited the mother and l sions appeared likely, I have known the mother to take her boy to a slum meeting in order to be able to decline the invitation without causing offense. She was determined to save the boy from the world.

### THE RISEN GUEST

"They constrained Him, saying, Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And He went in to tarry with them. And it came to pass that He took bread and blessed it, and gave it to them"  
Luke 24:28-30.

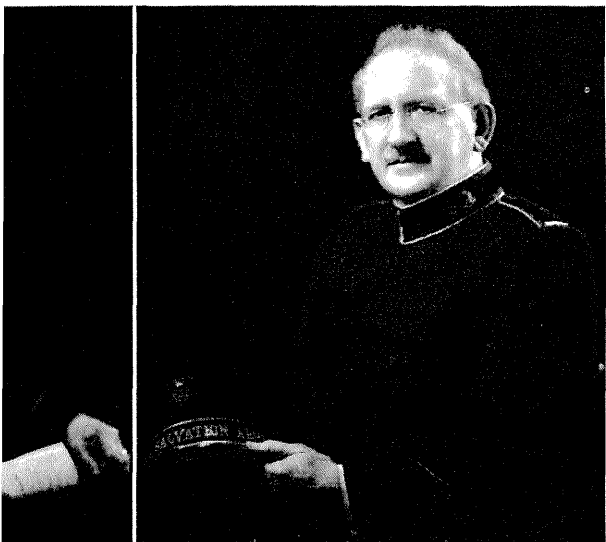
# Loss

## Meditation

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[Photos by Kaiden Kazanjian, New York] AL AND MRS. G. L. CARPENTER



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cumstances, she had relatives who were well-to-do and very worldly and who sought to lavish many so-called advantages upon her boy. They desired to provide for his future, but in a way that the mother felt might thwart her hopes and prayers for him.

She had dedicated him to be a Salvationist and an Officer. Again and again, the relatives arranged their godless parties to which they invited the mother and her son. When these occasions appeared likely, I have known the mother to take her boy to a slum meeting in order to be able to decline the invitation without causing offense. She was determined to save the boy from the world.

But was the boy denied the advantages of modern culture because of his mother's sacrificial purpose? On the contrary. Working his way through important seminaries, he reached a high place in professional circles and also became a successful Salvation Army Officer.

Now let us look at the other side of the picture—at the experience of those who choose to abide alone, who, in other words, refuse to die to self! The names (Continued on page 12)

## AN EASTER MELODY

### He Lives In My Heart!

*p* Largo M. ♩ = 80

1. Ex - tend - ed on a curs - ed tree, Be - smeared with

dust and sweat and blood, See! there, the King of Glo - ry— see— Sinks and ex -

*mf* CHORUS Moderato M. ♩ = 76

-pires the Son of God. It was on the cross He shed— His

Blood, It was there He was cru - ci - fied; But He rose a - gain, and He

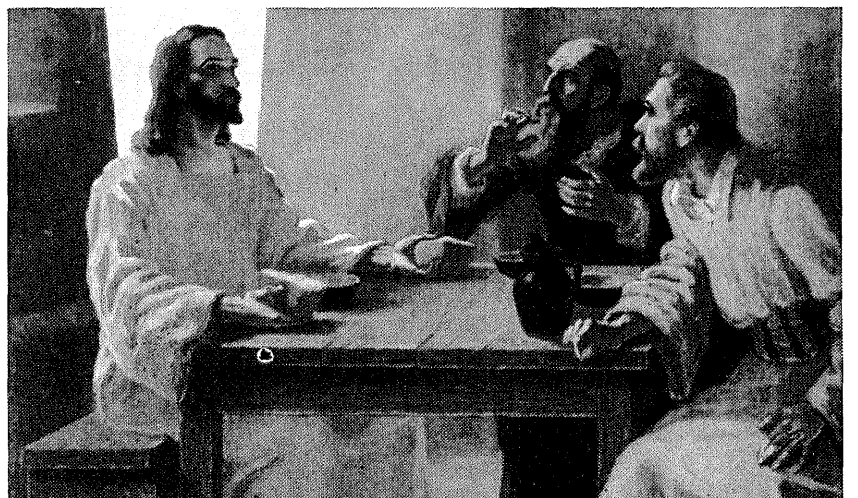
lives in my heart, Where all is peace and per - fect love.

(For concluding verses see page 12)

## THE RISEN GUEST

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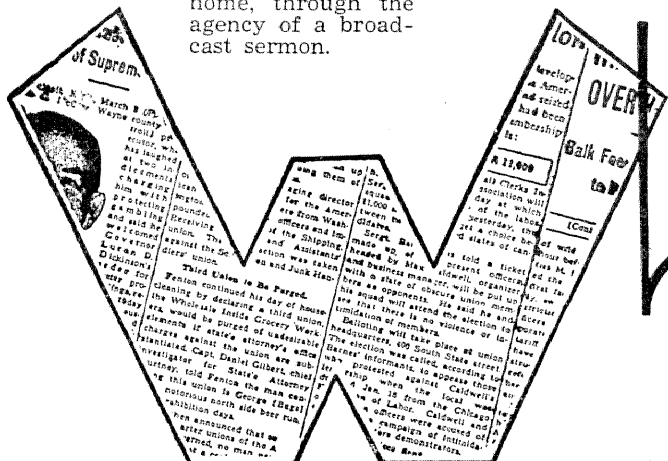


**P**ERHAPS before attempting to set out what I believe, I had better explain that my belief is of comparatively recent growth.

A score of years ago I was virtually an unbeliever and, on the whole, content with my condition.

Two things follow from this statement. First: something must have happened to give me a new set of convictions. Second: of unbelief I know too much to get rattled when other folks don't believe me. I cannot condemn them, remembering my own attitude. Nor can I lay about me in wrathful zeal; you don't make converts with a bludgeon.

Twenty years ago, then, something happened. I underwent "conversion." It happened in my own home, through the agency of a broadcast sermon.



**T**HERE was nothing "emotional" about it. The sermon made no appeal to emotion, and indeed the actual words of the sermon had little to do with the happening. My wife was in the room, but had no idea of what was passing. She did not know that, in the space of seconds, my unbelief in Christ had gone. I had to tell her about that later.

Instantaneously, and without any seeking on my part, I became certain of Christ, not merely as a figure in history, but as a Presence and as a Power. With the sense of that Presence there came a profound recognition of failure and wrong, but also a confident hope of a new existence.

The hope has been justified far beyond my imagining. I made my decision that night, and from everyday experience I presently found myself convinced that I could trust God absolutely.

It was when I got to that point—or, since my work was my greatest problem, when I was ready to leave my job in His hands—that the new existence really began.

**N**OW, a man who has been a journalist for forty-three years and has spent thirty-five years of that time in London's Fleet Street is a pretty hard-boiled specimen. He doesn't too readily believe anything. It is inconceivable to me that such a man's life could be revolutionized by anything short of continuous reality.

That my life has been revolutionized is an indisputable fact; that my work has been given a new orientation is equally certain. I base my convictions upon experience; I build my beliefs on the same foundation.

#### Solidifies Into Knowledge

I learn and unlearn, but slowly belief solidifies into knowledge. I know Whom I have believed. It is no effort of imagination for me to believe in God, and if I believe myself to be in His keeping it is simply because I have been persuaded.

I cannot define God because I know Him only in part, and because it seems to me certain that He is multi-dimensional, whereas I can

## A noted newspaperman unbares the convictions of his soul concerning Calvary, the Resurrection and the Gift of the Holy Spirit to mankind

think only with difficulty beyond the third dimension. But I believe that His power is unlimited and that His nature is perfect love.

I believe that man was created to fulfil a spiritual destiny, and that the gift of free will was essential to his spiritual growth. I believe that in the divine scheme mankind lies between the opposite poles of good and evil, and that every free-will decision affects the whole body of mankind by affecting what may be called the "balance of power."

God, I believe, intends that "evil" shall be ultimately overcome by "good" (Romans 12:21), and by "sin" I understand my action, or inaction, which does not further this purpose.

The troubles of the world to-day—its fears, its diseases and its dis-

I accept absolutely the teaching of Christ as expounded by Him to Nicodemus (John 3:1-17), the essence of which is that the man who so completely denies himself as to place himself unreservedly in God's hands is spiritually born again into a new and higher realm, where higher laws are operative. ("Miracles," I believe, are revelations of higher laws rather than suspensions or breaches of lower laws.)

Christ's teaching made relatively few converts at the time, but because its acceptance was the only way whereby the world could "be saved," i.e., escape the consequences of its own errors, He was ready to die to make it immortal and to prove, by His Resurrection, the truth of what He had taught of

as the means of showing all men the way back to God. I believe that, in this sense, He died for me.

I believe, also, that by looking to this tremendous Sacrifice and its glorious sequel, I receive forgiveness and newness of life instead of the spiritual death which, under the laws of a just God, would otherwise be the result of sin.

#### A Living Presence

I believe in the Resurrection because Christ, to me, is a living Presence; and I believe in the promised gift of the Holy Spirit for inspiration and for education in the higher laws of the Kingdom of God.

I believe in life after death and in Heaven and Hell, but I have no very definite ideas concerning the nature of these future states and have too much to do in this life to speculate greatly concerning them. I believe firmly that Jesus Christ will come again, at God's appointed time. I do not pretend to know that time, but my personal feeling is that it is near.

Finally, I believe that while Christ is the one way to God, there are as many ways to Christ as there are wandering souls in the world. I must never make the

# My I Believe WHAT I BELIEVE



A Salvation Army Soldier who is also a well-known and widely-read Journalist, Hugh Redwood is at present Religious Editor for the London News Chronicle. He has served successfully as Foreign Editor, Night Editor and Deputy-Editor; became associated with The Army's Slum Work in 1928, and is author of "God in the Slums," and other best-sellers

**BY**

*Hugh Redwood.*

"everlasting life"—life of a quality to bridge the grave.

I believe, therefore, that Jesus died because of the world's sin, and

cardinal error of proclaiming my way as the only one.

"There is a wideness in God's mercy Like the wideness of the sea."

## "And When They Had Sung an Hymn"

By Mrs. Brigadier H. Beckett, a Former Canadian Officer

**C**AN you picture the sight and sound of that Male Voice Choir of twelve members gathered in the Upper Room in Jerusalem? One had left to betray his Master; there remained those other eleven and their Leader.

John would perhaps have a lovely tenor voice; Peter would be singing the lead, masterfully, if not too musically; Matthew the methodical, singing exactly to music; Thomas, missing the notes he was not too sure of; and so forth. One voice, blending with all the others, yet standing out alone. You have sometimes heard voices which do that.

A blind man began to attend Army meetings. His first visit was on a Sunday morning. In the evening the Officer whispered to his wife, "There is the blind man again! Go and speak to him."

"You are the lady who sang this morning," said the blind man as soon as he heard her voice. Turning to the woman next to him he said: "I told you I had heard her sing this morning."

"But I didn't sing," said the Offi-

cer's wife, "except with the Songsters."

"I heard you," said the blind man, adding as he turned again to his wife:

"This is the voice I told you about."

I should imagine the voice of Jesus would stand out like that as He sang with His disciples' choir. He knew that voices can be recognized afar off: "My sheep hear My voice," He said. "And they know Me."

What was the hymn they sang?

The usual Passover Hymn was part of the Hallel (Psalms 115 to 118), a song of praise and thanksgiving, including the beautiful 118th Psalm, "O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good: because His mercy endureth for ever."

They sang a Song of Praise just before He went out to tread the Calvary road. They sang, with sorrow and danger lying straight across their path.

God's people sing in the face of trouble. "God will take care of you," sung in a shelter, or "Abide with

me," when peril of death is near, finds an immediate response in the heart that knows faith in God as well as an immediate answer from the Throne of Heaven.

And when they had sung an hymn they went; their Leader to the supreme sacrifice, the others to their own personal sorrows—parting, doubt, temptation. For Him the supreme sacrifice, for the others the daily life.

Are you mourning the loss of some one? Is the road before you dark and lonely, filled with the grief of parting or the horror of persistent temptation? Or do you daily face the possibility of death?

Sing your hymn. Perhaps you must sing it alone. Yet you are not alone. If your eyes are blinded by your tears, your ears may be sharpened to hear that Voice, blending with the music of the universe, and the full tones of the Heavenly Choir, yet standing out to you as the Voice—

... To me so dear,  
Breathing softly on my ear;  
Weary child, look up and see,  
'Tis the Saviour. . .

# Where Jesus Last Stood

## Sacred Associations of the Mount of Olives



**F**EW places around Jerusalem, the Holy City, are more interesting to the visitor, especially to the visitor who knows and loves the Bible story, than the Mount of Olives. It commands views of Jerusalem, Bethany, the Dead Sea, the Garden of Gethsemane, and that "green hill, far away," where the price of the world's redemption was paid in blood. Near the foot is the Garden of Agony, enclosed by a high wall, and a number of towering trees rear themselves from its hallowed ground.

The top of Olivet is the very best point from which to get a good view of Jerusalem. One seems to be looking right down upon it. Around that city, for a thousand years before the birth of Christ, all the principal events woven into the history of the Bible are clustered. It was to this city that David brought up the Ark, amidst the gladness of the rejoicing people, from Kirjath-jearim, where it had remained from the time of its return from captivity among the Philistines. It was to this place that he so often returned in triumph from his victories over the enemies of Israel.

### Where Isaiah Prophesied

There it was that "Solomon in all his glory" swayed his peaceful sceptre over the nation in the palmiest days of history. There it was that Isaiah delivered the impassioned strains of his glorious and sublime prophecies. There it was that, in answer to the earnest prayers of the good king Hezekiah, the mighty host of Assyria was cut off by one fell stroke of the destroying angel's sword. And there it was that Jeremiah uttered his pathetic lamentations over the desolations of Zion.

Looking towards the south one sees the country stretching away towards Hebron, so intimately associated with the memory of the patri-

archs Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and where David reigned for seven years over Judah alone.

The view towards the east is still more striking. Glimpses of the clear, briny water of the Dead Sea are distinctly visible. The winding course of the river Jordan may be traced by the line of verdure that marks its bed. It is some ten or twelve miles distant from the summit of the Mount, and the intervening miles of dreary, barren hills from the wilderness into which Jesus "was led by the Spirit" and through which He wandered during the forty days when He was "tempted of the Devil."

### David and Hushai

As one stands upon the top of Olivet it is interesting to remember that it was around the side of this Mount that David, with his little band of faithful followers, went forth weeping when he fled from Jerusalem, hearing of the rebellion of his son Absalom. It was at the



Jerusalem, the Holy City, as seen from the Mount of Olives

Morning calm in the Land where Christ was crucified and rose again from the dead



When the prophet Zechariah is describing the coming again of Jesus to our world he tells us distinctly that "His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives." Thus this spot is connected at once with His departure and return, for it was as Jesus stood and blessed His disciples that a cloud descended and received Him up out of their sight.

### A Garden of Spices

"Blow upon my garden, that the spices may flow out."

Song of Solomon 4:16.

**T**HE normal Christian life may well be likened to a garden of flowers and spices which shed their beneficent fragrance far and near. And it is no far-fetched thought that the winds of adversity and affliction are often responsible for causing these qualities to set forth on their mission of blessing.

Some of the spices mentioned in the chapter from which we select our text are suggestive, and profitable for study. The aloe was a bitter spice, and it tells of the sweetness of bitter things, a paradox which has its own application that only those can understand who have experienced it. Think of the thousands of God's people, including Salvationists, to whom the bitterness of persecution has brought the blessed sweetness of God's grace, mercy and love!

The myrrh was used to embalm the dead, and it tells of death to something. It may be likened to the sweetness which comes to the heart after it has died to its self-will, pride and sin. There is an inexpressible charm that hovers about those whose mellow spirit bears the impress of the Cross, the holy evidence of having died to something that was proud and arrogant, but is now forever at the feet of Jesus. It is the heavenly charm of a broken spirit and a contrite heart, the sweetness that comes from the touch of frost upon ripened fruit.

The frankincense had a fragrance that came from the touch of fire. This spice was a burning powder that rose in clouds of sweetness from the bosom of the flames. It tells of the heart whose sweetness has been called forth, perhaps by the purifying flame of God's Holy Spirit, until the holy place of the soul is filled with clouds of praise and prayer.

Will you let God breathe on your garden of spices, so that the best that is in you may flow out to others?

top of this Mount that he met his friend Hushai, and sent him back to upset the counsels of Ahithophel, and here he had his last view of the rebellious city.

### Where Jesus Wept

But after all it is its intimate connection with so many scenes in the history of our Saviour's life that gives to the Mount of Olives its principal interest and charm. It was from the brow of this Mount that He "beheld the city and wept over it," as His foreseeing eye looked down through the coming years and saw the desolations that were to overtake it. It was here that Jesus sat with His three chosen disciples and poured into their astonished ears the wondrous words of the prophecy which told them of the overthrow of Jerusalem, and of the sufferings, persecutions, probable death, and final triumph of His followers.

From here He told the beautiful parables of the Ten Virgins and the Five Talents. It was on the side of the Mount, as we have seen, that the Garden lay to which he "oft-times resorted with His disciples," and in which the amazing scenes of His "agony and bloody sweat" were enacted. Here during the closing days of His life He used to retire, evening by evening, to seek rest in meditation and prayer when weary and harassed by the labors and trials of the day. It became one of the spots most frequented by the Man of Sorrows.



Natives of Palestine pause awhile at the entrance to a rocky tomb



"THE FLOWERS APPEAR." Joyful are these young hearts, when early summer clothes the fields with floral charm

## ACHIEVEMENT THROUGH SACRIFICE

"I asked them whence their victory came;  
They, with united breath  
Ascribed their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to His death."

IN 1534 Jacques Cartier, the first white man to sail up the St. Lawrence River, planted the first Cross of Christ on the North American Continent. He landed at Gaspé and there erected a wooden cross thirty feet high, bearing the fleur-de-lis and the legend, "Long live the King of France."

The kings of France have all gone, and so has the inscription, but the Cross of Christ still remains in evidence everywhere, woven into the warp and woof of a civilization that but for it would never have come into existence, and without it could not survive.

Francis Parkman, the historian, tells us that on the day Cartier first raised the tall cross on the Gaspé Peninsula, he read in the presence of the wondering Indians a portion of the first Chapter of John's Gospel, and the story of the Crucifixion. And it is of the triumph of this Cross we write this Eastertide. There could be no glorious Resurrection morning—"earth's gladdest day"—without Good Friday—"earth's saddest day."

A wooden cross on the Gaspé Peninsula, or on a church or other edifice may be all right in its way, but we all must admit that the only memorial that is wholly worthy is the Cross of Christ enshrined in our own hearts and lives. For too long we have been content to use the Cross as a symbol or an ornament; for too long have we paid homage to it in our places of worship, and defamed it in our work places and in our social relations and in our private lives.

At Calvary the Light of life, for a limited few, had been extinguished. They had hoped for better things—an earthly kingdom in which they would be granted a favored spot. They did not under-

are legion of those who, having done well in the worldly sense, sadly abide alone.

One such person I saw a few days before the close of his life. A professing Christian, he once had considerable influence upon his fellows. A crisis had arisen, and he had avoided a cross that might have brought to him the most enriching experience of his life. He had refused God's way. He finished his life upon this earth without influence and with many regrets. Scarcely a soul in the world cared a rap whether he lived or died; he, of a truth, abode alone! He was just one of those persons who refuses to die to the interest of self.

How strange it is that every generation has to learn the lesson that "No man liveth unto

### By the CHIEF SECRETARY

stand. The world's greatest event was too deep for their comprehension. They were baffled, for had He not declared shortly before He neared the end, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world"? How could this utterance be measured with what they supposed was now His end? They had not yet experienced the illuminating insight into the realistic and revolutionary thing which was now in progress before their very eyes. The challenge found them wanting. They were weighed in the balances and did not add up. But the revelation would come—and what a revelation! Instead of Christ and his mission being faced with a challenge, this was really Christianity's challenging hour.

One writer of this phase of the story states: "To catch the challenging quality of Christianity at its strongest we need an insight into Jesus' amazing and apparently preposterous claim, 'I have overcome the world.'" In the light of Calvary it seemed decidedly contradictory.

The surprising thing is that Jesus spoke these words: "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world," on the night of His betrayal, on the verge of His eclipse. Gethsemane was just ahead; treachery was at work; the judgment hall loomed near and the shadow of the Cross was upon His path.

It was under these circumstances He reminded them, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." In other words He was saying, "You shall have your cross to bear."

It was not the wail of a defeated hero, but the cry of a triumphant

Christ. Faith in God the Father had helped Him through and He would not fail Him now.

We recall His words (in verse 32), "Ye shall be scattered, every man to His own, and shall leave Me



Colonel G. W. Peacock



Mrs. Peacock

alone; and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with Me."

With such faith in God, cross-bearing becomes our glory. Paul, buoyed up with such a faith, exclaimed, "But God forbid that I should

glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Believing in it brought light and liberty to Martin Luther and God made him a mighty instrument for the cause of righteousness. John Knox's unflinching fidelity to its principles, and his proclamation of its power transformed Scotland. Moody shook America and England with his preaching of the Cross.

William Booth's crusade of the Cross and the story of its power to redeem broken humanity has made the world better.

In the world to-day there are

## GAIN BY LOSS

(Continued from page 9)

himself," that it is "more blessed to give than to receive," and that there is a scattering that does not impoverish and a withholding that enriches not.

## THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada, Alaska, Newfoundland, and Bermuda. William Booth, Founder; George L. Carpenter, General; Benjamin Orames, Commissioner. International Headquarters, Queen Victoria Street, London; Territorial Headquarters, James and Albert Streets, Toronto, Ont.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1943 Ten Cents

## MY HEART, HIS THRONE

By Lieut.-Colonel Chas. H. Tutte

WHAT a distance He travelled to my poor heart  
From the beautiful Home above,  
Where He reigned with all regal majesty  
girt  
As the wonderful Prince of Love;  
There legions of angels in reverence  
adore,  
And His power and sovereignty own,  
But He came to my door; to a dwelling so poor  
That He might have my heart for a throne.

Through what contumely, sorrow and woe;  
I shall never be able to measure how deep  
Were the waters through which He'd to go.  
Oh! The garden! The scourging! His dying for us!  
Oh! The limits of suffering unknown!  
Ignominious Cross with its anguish and loss  
All He bore to make my heart His throne.

But He wended His way to my heart through the night  
And over the mountains wild;  
He delivered my soul by the power of His might,  
And made me His very own child.  
I can never forget His compassion for me;  
How He suffered to make me His own,  
His slave I shall be through eternity,  
And my heart is reserved for His throne.

many religions without the Cross, without sacrifice, without death, therefore no life. It is true that while there are religions without a Cross there is no Salvation from sin without the Calvary experience.

In Aberdeen, Scotland, an orthodox church was carrying on open-air work in a slum district. A minister of a denomination that did not believe in the Cross thought he also would try his hand at the open-air work. But his religion—merely moralizing and without any Cross—was not very appetizing to these slum dwellers and they soon said to him, "If you have nothing else to tell us than that, you needn't come"; and they drove him away. One poor woman called out as he departed, "Your rope's nae lang enough for the likes of us."

And a religion without a Cross is scarcely long enough for the present day needs of the human heart. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto Me," were amongst the most prophetic words of Jesus, for as He was lifted up He became forever a lamp to light the footsteps of all future generations.

Thus we see that the only way to achievement is through sacrifice.

"Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

## "HE LIVES IN MY HEART!"

(Concluding verses of song set to music on page 9).

MY Saviour, how shall I proclaim,  
How pay the mighty debt I owe?  
Let all I have and all I am,  
Ceaseless to all Thy glory show.

Too much to Thee I cannot give;  
Too much I cannot do for Thee;  
Let all Thy love and all Thy grief  
Graven on my heart for ever be!

Following His great words about the wheat, Jesus continued with this truth: "He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal."

Can we not hope that the world-wide sufferings in these days will help to create a disposition in the universal heart that will embrace the eternal principles upon which Jesus is seeking to build His Kingdom among men? Only when men are moved by them and come to realize the beauty of sacrifice, only when they become concerned with giving more than with getting (and follow Him in this spirit) can we hope for that glad condition envisaged by Jesus: a world wherein dwelleth righteousness and peace and abiding good will among men.

# BEFRIENDING NEEDY HUMANITY



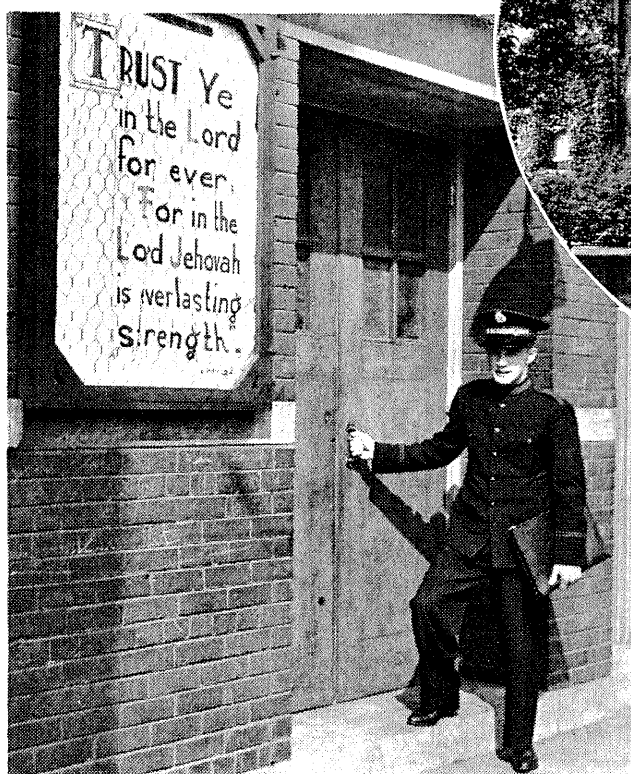
Comfort for the aged at eventide



Quiet recreation for the veterans



Representative of The Army's many medium-sized Institutions in Canada is this pleasantly-situated building



(Left) The Corps Officer leads meetings and performs a hundred-and-one other duties



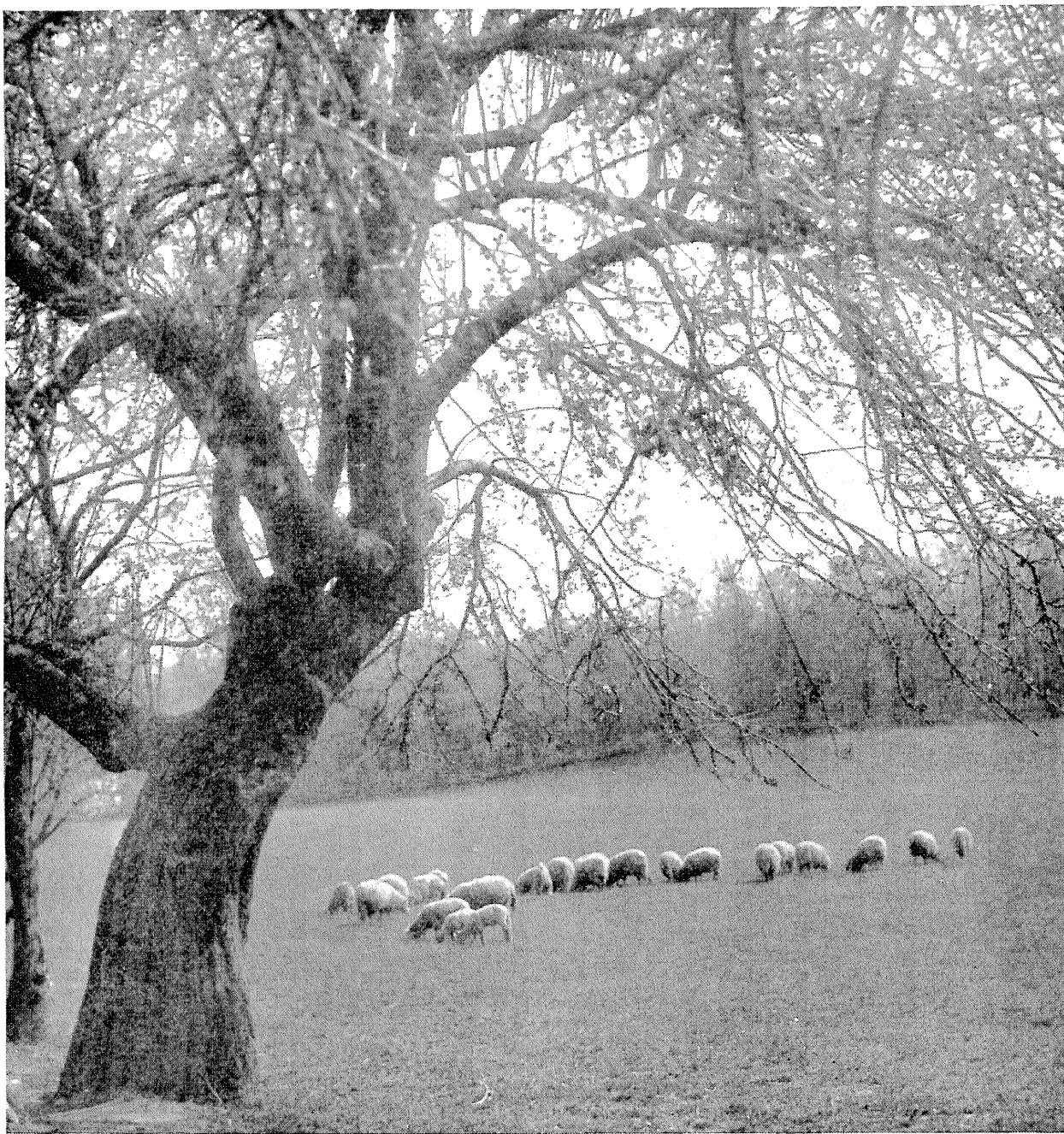
(Right) A word of advice for the "man behind the bars"



A man can purchase clothing at one of The Army's stores for a small sum—and still retain his respect



Girls and young women in need of counsel find in The Army Officer a trusted and experienced friend



"IN GREEN PASTURES."—Spring comes to the meadow-land

## TWO HEAVEN-BLESSED SONGS

While the light from Heaven is falling,  
Sins confessing, wants revealing;  
While redeeming grace is flowing,  
Thou canst wash my sins away.

THE author of this deeply-spiritual old song which has been used by God in searching and trying the hearts of thousands, was the late Mrs. Booth-Hellberg. Concerning its composition, she has been recorded as saying: "The idea of this song came to me when sitting in the corner of a cold third-class railway carriage in Great Britain, when journeying to London one rainy winter's night from Clacton-on-Sea, where I had been spending a few of the most precious hours of my life in nursing my sainted mother (Catherine Booth).



Catherine Booth, The Army Mother

"The influence of the sick-room was strong upon me and the thought became stamped on my heart, that when I should be in a position in which she lay, that nothing but a clean heart would stand in the light of the great Judgment Day, and in that lonely compartment the idea

shaped itself into language, first for myself and then for others.

"I never hear that song sung but my mind goes back to that journey and farther back still to that dear face lying upon that pillow of suffering."

Commander Lucy Booth-Hellberg, also composed other well-known songs, among them being, "Dear Lord, I bring my all to Thee," composed on the eve of her going to India to take charge of the work there; and also that marvellous song which has been used for God to the blessing and uplifting of thousands of dispirited and discouraged Christians, "Keep on Believing, Jesus is near."

### THE TEMPTER DEFEATED

THE inspiring song, "Thou Art Enough for Me," has brought help and consolation to thousands of troubled souls. It was composed under very exceptional circumstances. Commissioner Oliphant was dangerously ill with lung trouble and the physicians had very little hope of his recovery. It seemed as if death had set its mark upon him, and as he lay on his sick-bed awaiting the hour when his soul would be freed from his body, the enemy of souls seized the opportunity to tempt him by suggesting how little he had done, and that his life had been practically barren and fruitless, and so used all his arts to discourage him. But God, who is always near to tempted souls, and does not suffer them to be tempted above that they are able, came to his assistance, and it was with the mind of a conqueror that he called for pencil and paper

and between spasms of pain, wrote:

*I kneel beside Thy sacred Cross,  
And count for Thee my life as dross;  
Oh, satisfy my soul this hour  
With Thy dear love, my healing power!*

*Thou art enough for me;  
Thou art enough for me;  
O precious, living, loving Lord—  
Yes, Thou art enough for me!*



EARLY BLOSSOMS.—A fragrant corner of a Springtime flower market

## My Shepherd

(In Braid Scots)

THE Lord is my Shepherd, in nocht  
am I wantin'  
In the haughs o' green girse does He  
mak' me lie doon.  
While mony puir staiglers are bleatin,  
and pantin'  
By saft flowin' burnie He leads me at  
noon.

When' aince I had strayed far awa' in  
the bracken,  
And daidled till gloamin' cam' owre a'  
the hills,  
Nae dribble o' water my sair drought tae  
slacken,  
And dark grow'd the nicht wi' its haar  
and its chills.

Awa' frae the fauld strayin', fetsore and  
weary,  
I thocht had naething tae dae but to  
dee.  
He socht me and fand me in mountain  
hichts dreary,  
He gangs by fell paths which he kens  
best for me.

And noo for His namesake I'm dune wi'  
a fearin',  
Though cluds may aft gaither and  
soughin' winds blaw.  
"Hoo this," or "Hoo that," oh, prevent  
me frae speirin',  
His will is aye best and I daurna say  
na.

The valley o' daith winna fley me to  
tread it,  
Though awfu' the darkness I weel can  
forsee,  
Wi' His rod and His staff, He will help  
me to tread it,  
And then will its shadows sae gruesome  
a' flee.

Forfochen in presence o' foes that sur-  
rond me,  
My Shepherd a table wi' denties has  
spread,  
The thyme and the myrtle blaw fragrant  
aroud me,  
He brims a fu' cup and poors oil on  
my heid.

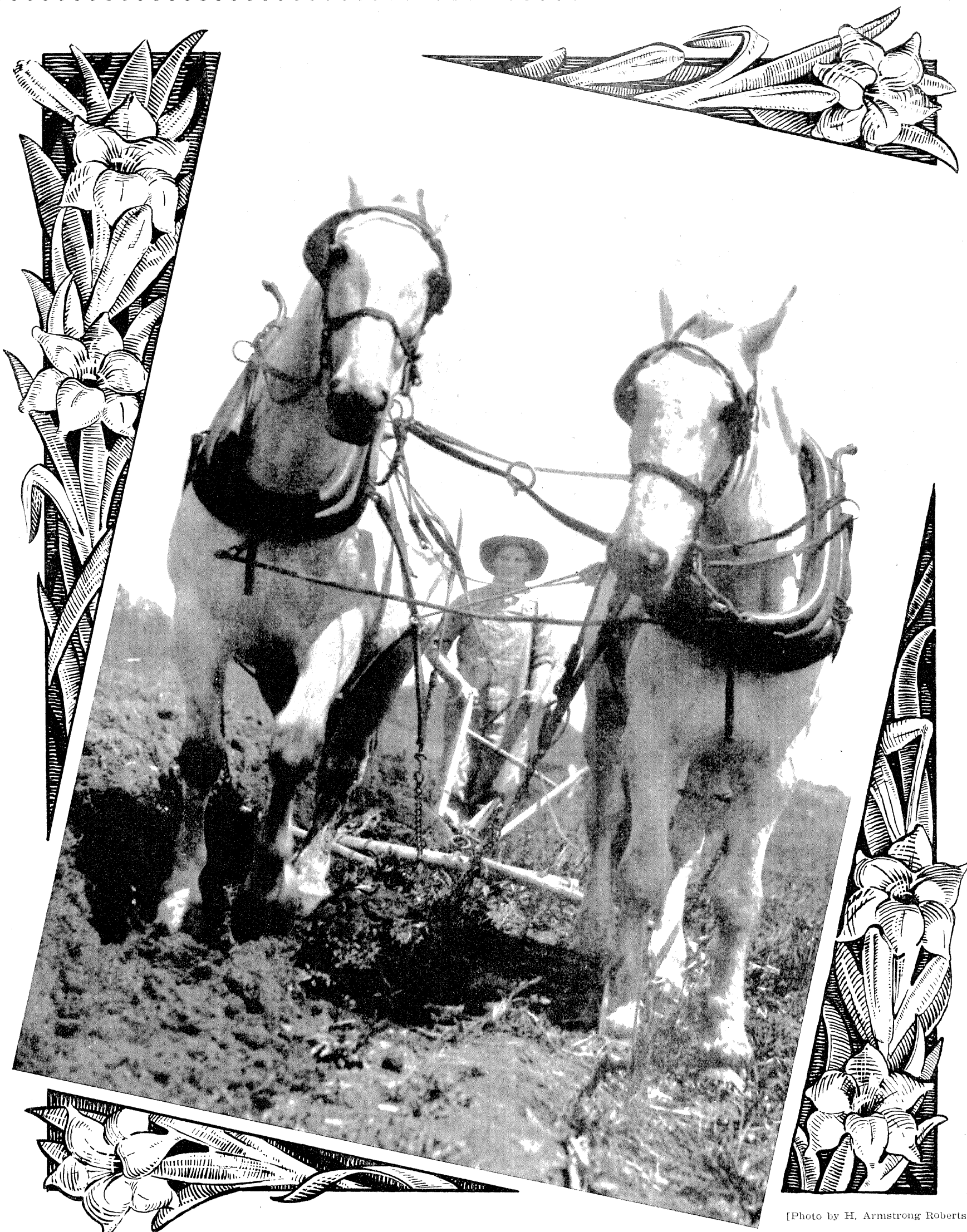
Surely guidness and mercy despite a' my  
roamin'  
Will gang wi' me doon tae the brink o'  
the River.  
Ayont it, na mair o' the eerie and  
gloamin'—  
I will bide in the Hame o' my Father  
for ever.

## Christ's Cause First

"I WILL place no value on any-  
thing I have or may possess  
except in relation to the Kingdom  
of Christ. If anything will advance  
the interests of that Kingdom, it  
shall be given away or kept only  
as by the giving or keeping of it I  
shall most promote the glory of Him  
to whom I owe all my hopes in  
time and eternity. May grace and  
strength sufficient to enable me to  
adhere faithfully to this resolution  
be imparted to me, so that not in  
name only, all my interests may be  
identified with His cause."

David Livingstone.

# BREAKING VIRGIN SOIL



[Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts]

*HE that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap. . . . In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.—Ecclesiastes 11:4, 6.*



*All Nature rejoices and Life unfolds, when "the year's at the Spring"*